



The Wrong and Perfect Answer



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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Mom gave me the look that meant no more questions, and I went up the stairs and opened Mom's (now unhappily shared with Dad) bedroom.

Dad's back is to me, as he gazes out the window with his hands behind his back. Typical. His job as CEO of some big fancy company had led to him being formal 24./7. James Taylor didn't change from work or home.

He turns around when he hears me come in, and he nods to the bed. I sit down, but he remains standing.

"Sarah, we need to talk."

"I figured."

His lips thin whenever I talk back to him. "It's about your mother and me."

"I also figured that out."

Normally, this is the part where Dad says something along the lines of, "Sarah, I don't like your attitude," or his lips thin even more, but he does none of those.

"For the time being, we have . . . agreed to separate."

The pounding in my head becomes louder. "You mean divorce?"

His lips become thinner and he smooths his ironed shirt from any non-existent wrinkles. "In

other words, yes."

"Why?"

"Your mother and I have to
decided to move to New York

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living in the past. I've
as chairman of the

company?"

Dad sneaking in late during the few nights that he was home, and meeting Mom, who demanded where he'd been, because he was supposed to be home around three hours ago. "Unexpectedly long work hours" he says. But I know the truth. Mom calling in to tell Dad that he had left his lunch at home, but only having his co-workers pick up and tell her that Dad was not at work today. Dad buying various gifts such as perfume and flowers show on his credit card, but Mom never receiving them.

"No," I whisper. The puzzle pieces fell into place, forming the perfect answer, the part Dad didn't tell me but didn't need to.

"Just know this, no matter what, we're always going to be a family, even if your mother and I can't work out our problems."

Finally, everything that I'd been holding inside explodes.

"I don't want a family if THIS," I gestured around, "is what it's going to be like. Lies and a dad that's not even THERE half the time. Parents that fight. You cheated on Mom and LIED about it! Mom found out, didn't she? That's why you're getting a divorce! You're moving to New York with your new girlfriend so you can buy a new apartment with her and finally stop hiding your relationship from the world! I hate you!"

I ran out of the room before he could stop me.

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